THE MISSILE

NOVEMBER, 1934

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PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

THE MISSILE P

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Poems

By Mary Boisseau

Unexpected

My eyes could never miss the beauty found
Within fresh blooming blossoms backed by green;
The hillsides deep in honeysuckle wound,
A more inspiring sight I've seldom seen.

My heart could never lose the loveliness
Found there, low lying in a rose's crest;
Nor wander by and pause not to confess
That beauty lavished in the golden west.

But never did I expect to linger 'round
For beauty that had common come to be—
The cooling fragrance in simplicity found,
A dandelion beneath a mossy tree.

Music

The organ starts its mighty chant,
Its hearers pause that they may catch
The song, and enter beauty's realm,
Where music's hand has raised the latch.

The soft wind sweeps the golden field—
Swelling glorious, undenied—
And all the growing blades begin
To waver slowly side by side.

The young blades frolic to the urge
And gaily trace the flowing beat;
The stronger reeds more slowly surge
And follow with the music sweet.

Beauty Bare

By Daisy Dean Smith

My Fancies

I love the rhythm on my window pane
Of gentle rain.
I thrill to hear the racing horses' feet
In constant beat.

I love to hear the rhythm
of a train
With miles to gain.
I thrill to hear the sound
of marching feet
Along the street.

But yet, my greatest love and
also thrill,
When all is still,
Is that of hark'ning to the
bird's sweet air
In my despair.

The Awakening

Clouds all over a sky of blue
Rambling on their way,
Like sheep upon the mountain side
All the summer day.

Stars all over a sky of blue
Sparkling in the night,
Like ripples on the still blue bay
In the pale moonlight.

Drops of dew on the bright green grass
Brightening all the lawn,
Like kind words to a heart-sick soul
That make a new hope dawn.

Irony

By James Reese

THE SILENCE, the horror, the pain of it all wrought havoc on his troubled mind. The stone on which he sat was cold and damp. It didn't matter, he couldn't feel it, for his hands were bound with shackles which had cut deep gashes in his wrists. He felt only the pain. He suffered the pain and cursed and prayed. He cursed violently, cursed himself, cursed God, cursed the oath in which he had vowed never to disclose the secret of his master. Then he prayed fervently for deliverance.

He couldn't escape. He knew. He had tried. The gashes on his wrists, the bruised body, the pain which he was now suffering proved that. He was their prisoner, a wretched, starving prisoner, until his captors should set him free, and he could be free only by disclosing the secret of his master.

He peered into the darkness with bloodshot eyes, but the blackness of the dungeon revealed nothing. Still he knew he was surrounded by men. One sat in this corner, another in that. He could hear them breathing, that was all.

Why were they here? Did they think that he would break down? Why didn't they say something? Weren't they human? Couldn't they speak? Why torture him with that silence? If they wouldn't speak, he would.

He spoke, he yelled, he screamed, and then he wept. What had he done to deserve this? He, whose only crime had been silence. Just because he wouldn't tell on his master, he was being tortured. Why should he, innocent as he was, take punishment for another man? He would tell, be free, enjoy life.

But then he recovered, collected his scattered wits and thought calmly. What good would it do him to disclose his master who, if killed, would leave him without a master to die of starvation? Why should two die when it was only necessary

that one should perish? He didn't mind death that much. He was only a slave, and to serve his master was his duty, even unto death. Again he was struck with silence.

The hours wore on. Heavy irregular breathing was the only sound. Pain numbed his arms. Pain tortured his brain. Pain dried in his throat and swelled his tongue. He, who had bravely endured all other pain, was slowly dying of thirst and starvation.

Water! How he wanted water! He felt as if he never had had water before. His throat was coarse and hard. How soothing a sip of water would be! He remembered how cool it tasted when he drew it from his master's well, and then he called to one of the invisible guards for water.

Immediately he heard the trickle of water falling from the pitcher to the mug. Then out of the darkness the mug touched his lips. Unsuspecting, he drank deeply and cursed and spat what water he still held in his mouth across the dungeon, for the water had been dosed with salt.

As the hours passed by he steadily weakened. Blood ran freely from the cuts at his wrists. His head began to swim. He became dizzy. Pain that had once torn at his heart itself now passed unnoticed, and in the darkness of the dungeon the body of the slave relaxed and crumpled on the cold stone slab.

At the same moment the master for whom the slave had died sat down to a royal feast in his magnificent dining room and cursed the slave for not being there to serve him food.

———o———

Moon Fancy

By Jane Ellis

Some colossal artist
Testing his colors
Has left an aimless brush stroke
Of dusty white
On a pale grey background:
The new moon at dusk.

A weary warrior
Going to rest
Has tossed aside his curved scimitar
Of polished steel.
It lies gleaming on the black carpet;
The new moon at midnight.

Gangsters Ahoy!

By W. P. Kevan, Jr.

CASTING vainly about for a place to honor with our annual summer peregrination we suddenly remembered that there was a city called Chicago, in Illinois, that had gotten quite famous. This little village had been, for years, just as hundreds of other little villages all over America, until overnight it became famous. There suddenly sprang up men known by various epitaphs —gangsters, rats, mobs, and other lily-like nicknames donated gratis by an admiring American populace. These noble souls brought this little village from obscurity into full glory, and last but not least, capping a line of illustrious predecessors, rose that mighty name of America's Hitler, John Dillinger! This overwhelming fact immediately set us Chicagoward.

Intending to set out at five-thirty A. M., we accordingly set out at eight forty-three A. M. (the alarm clock having failed us in a moment of stress). We started out blithely, and in excellent spirits.

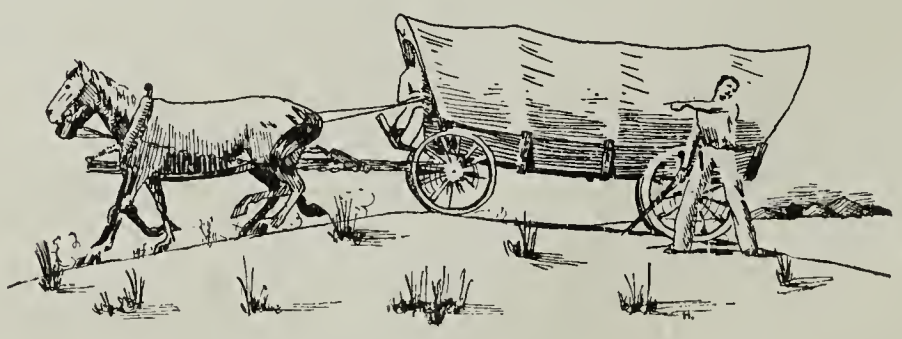
The thirteenth mile found us wondering how long it would take to reach Gangland. Then at the end of the 110,830th foot it seemed that we had been riding for at least three weeks. Finally, however, the tiresomeness wore away to some extent and we were able to sit placidly and stoically watch the speedometer, an instrument which seems to hypnotize all travelers on a journey of any duration.

Traveling northeastward, we entered West Virginia with its high mountains, picturesque rivers, and dirty children. It was interesting to try to see which was the dirtiest of the children. This, however, was a well-nigh impossible task because each mile brought us more and dirtier children. After spending a refreshing night in an ideal tourist cabin in Ohio, with the best gnats, mosquitos, and other bugs available, we proceeded then to Indiana. Anyone saying that Indiana is flat is far wrong. It was, in fact, such a rolling country that in addition to two flat tires, there were three violent cases of sea sickness.

Finally there came Illinois and the home of John Dillinger, called by Chicago the intelligentsia of the country. To our great surprise, at the city limits, we were not greeted by a fulisade of shots, nor did we see closed bullet-proof cars full of fleeing gangsters pursued by the police.

The next morning we discovered that about a block from the loop was a pretty nice little World's Fair. We decided to take this in, and we spent a very enjoyable morning there. The three following days were spent futilely looking for gangsters. Our efforts were greatly rewarded on the fifth morning—by seeing a man covered with blood and holding a large knife in his hand rush out of a store and pursue a man flying hatless down the street. Much to our chagrin it was discovered that the former was only a butcher, and the latter was a customer who had forgotten his change and was running for a street car.

A little discouraged, we wandered aimlessly about; then suddenly we thought of going to the gangster picture of Sally Rand fame, "Who Tore That Fan?" or "A Rip in the Dark," which was on that night. This thrilling film chilled us to the marrow, and well contented with the home of Dillinger, we left for home early the next morning.



Manor Oaks

By Jane Ellis

OLD ROGER OAKES built a home of which he could be justly proud, and he called it "Manor Oakes." The well proportioned building of brick brought from England was one of the finest of the famous mansions built by wealthy Virginians of that time.

When old Roger died he left the place to his son, who, in turn, left it to his son. In 1760 the original building acquired a right wing; in 1798, a left wing. The spacious rooms with panelled walls and high ceilings were ideal for entertaining, and it was well so, for the Oakeses liked gayety and merriment. Beautiful women and gallant gentlemen sat down to delicious feasts, or danced stately old dances in the rooms of Manor Oakes, or rode to hounds on the thoroughbreds of the fine stables.

Manor Oakes became a tradition in the family. The love for it ran in the blood. An Oakes without the Manor was inconceivable. The Manor without the Oakeses was unthinkable.

A stranger's first glance at the Mansion now in 1930 would record nothing but the sheer beauty of mellow old brick and almost perfect lines and proportions. At the second glance, however, one could not but notice the overgrown lawn and the dire need of paint on the woodwork. The front steps needed repair. The door had lost one of its knobs, which had been replaced by a rude home-made contraption, but the old brass knocker in the shape of a lion's' head was brightly polished and shone hospitably down on all comers. Inside the house were many pieces of beautiful old furniture, and threadbare rugs, crystal chandeliers and faded, worn window curtains.

The Manor as a whole reminded one of Dorothy Canfield's personification of the State of Virginia, "a white-haired, dignified grand dame with ancient, well-mended fine lace and thin old silver spoons." There was an air of fine pride about the place, and a wistful shabbiness.

In the house lived Col. Roger Oakes, an old gentleman with a fine head, white mustache, and very small aristocratic feet of which he was very proud, and with him his only daughter, Miss Anne Oakes, a sweet looking elderly lady.

How the two lived was a puzzle to most people who knew them, for they had no income except a small pension of Colonel Oakes'. Since the cataclysm of the Civil War the large plantation had been sold off piece by piece until there remained only a few acres around the house. Miss Anne raised her flowers and some vegetables, and kept a few chickens. In some way she managed to feed and clothe herself and her father and pay old Martha, their one servant. But that was all. There was never any money left to spend on the house. It hurt Miss Anne to see the place grow shabbier and shabbier for the lack of money, but she realized bitterly that there was nothing to be done.

The sudden illness of her father in February took her mind off all other problems, however. She was supremely thankful when he pulled through, but the doctor said, "He's an old man, Miss Oakes, and will be very weak now. He'll need medicine and wines . . . ."

His voice went on calmly and soothingly, and the sound was meaningless to Miss Anne's ears. "Medicines," "wines"—expensive things; where would the money come from?

From their meager store of money, she bought the things the Colonel needed, and the store grew smaller and smaller. One spring day as she was anxiously poring over her accounts, a long shiny car drove up to the door. She heard voices speaking to old Martha.

"We were passing—; it's such a lovely old place. We wondered if you would be kind enough to let us see the house?" they said.

The constant stream of tourists wanting to see the Manor had begun again with the spring. Miss Anne went to show them through the house. When they were ready to leave, the prosperous looking man in the party drew out his wallet.

"We have enjoyed it so much. Just in appreciation of your kindness . . . .," he began.

"No, nothing, please," said Miss Anne, flushing. "I was glad to show you the house, but I couldn't accept any money for it."

After they had left, she thought about the Colonel, how humiliated he would be to be offered money for their hospitality. Why, it would nearly kill him!

She remembered that the man had held a ten dollar bill in his hand. How that would have helped! She tried to dismiss the matter from her mind, but the ten dollar bill continued to appear before her mind's eye. She had been offered money many times before in such cases, but had always refused promptly. But now she needed it so!

She had read that many old mansions were opened to visitors who were glad to pay a dollar or more apiece to see them. Why, people came to the Manor almost every day in spring and fall. And if each person were to pay a small sum—! A daring plan occurred to Miss Anne. Why not charge an admission fee? People would be glad to pay something, and the money would buy the things the Colonel needed. Poor Miss Anne had a hard time convincing herself that she should carry out this plan, but a few days later, when a young couple came and asked to see the house she had a small silver plate on the table by the door, and she did not protest when the young man left a folded bill in it. It is hard for us to realize how hard it was for poor Miss Anne to accept the money and murmur polite thanks. When the couple had left she went to her room and cried a little, but she left the little silver plate in the hall.

After that, people seemed to come in unusually large numbers. Sometimes there were two or three parties a day, and Miss Anne courteously escorted every one through the fine old house. Most of the people were pleasant and polite, but occasionally people would come who chewed gum and talked too loudly and asked "How much?" when they left. These made it hard for her, but when Miss Anne saw her bank account growing steadily, even after she had bought the things the Colonel needed, her only fear was that the Colonel would find out. She knew that if he did he would never recover. She comforted herself by the fact that the chances of his discovering were very small, since he remained in his room most of the day.

With her "tourist money" she was able to hire a man to work on the lawn, and soon, she realized, she would be able to have the roof repaired and the wood-work painted. It was a very pleasant prospect.

One day as a large party of tourists were leaving, Colonel Oakes started down the stairs. He made no noise in his soft slippers, and when he saw that there were people in the hall, he paused on the landing until they should leave. From where he stood he saw the money placed on the tray, saw Miss Anne turn to thank the man who had placed it there. As the people

left, Miss Anne turned to see her stunned and astonished father staring down at her. As she looked at him, he turned without a word and went back to his room.

Miss Anne thought frantically that this would be the end of him. He would be so hurt! Why had she ever begun this thing?

That night she went fearfully into his room to bid him goodnight, but he merely spoke as usual, and she did not bring up the subject of the money.

The next day, when a party of tourists arrived, Miss Anne saw why her father had not spoken. He was at the door to meet the visitors. He went with Miss Anne to show them the house. He told them charming anecdotes about various parts of it, and the visitors were plainly delighted by him. When they were ready to leave, they paused at the front door to say goodbye. The man of the party placed a bill in the plate by the door. Miss Anne looked fearfully at her father. Now there would be an explosion!

The Colonel glanced at the money. A slight shadow passed across his face. Then he turned to the man and bowed. "I thank you, suh," he said.

When the people had left, the glances of father and daughter met. They both smiled a little sadly.

"One must always bow to the inevitable," the Colonel said, and glanced up, a bit apologetically, at the portrait of the first Roger Oakes, "and it is best to do so as gracefully as possible."

———o———

Understanding

By Martha Lee Madison

A child, I come to God, and at His knee,
He helps me train my eyes to see the light;
I ask for wisdom that I cannot see—
That I may guide my mind and deeds aright.
I know that there is peace at close of day;
The earth and sky are symbols of His love
To man below. Each picture fades away
And gives place to the heaven's blue above.
I hold the key to life—it is my task
To fit it in a lock and then to choose
Who shall come in. 'Tis God I humbly ask
To enter—And all others I refuse.
And turn my face to heaven and its space
To let the stars illuminate my face.

On Perusing the Monthly Report

By John B. Jordan, Jr.

THE RINGING of a bell. A crowd of bent-over people, heads bowed, a deeply pathetic expression of persecution on every face, trudging dejectedly into the wide doorway of a gloomy looking building. The door closes. The soft shuffling of many feet as each takes his place in his seat. All is quiet.

Sounds like the description of a mass execution, doesn't it? On the contrary. It is the happy return to school at the close of a three months' vacation.

Then as old friendships are renewed and new ones are made, the aspect brightens, and a spirit of play is instilled into the large group of young people. Seriousness is unknown. Ah, great fun going to school, eh wot? Sure, fine, fine. More fun than I ever had. The dear teachers strive in vain to bring activity down to earth. The principal makes several encouraging and delightful speeches, to which no attention whatsoever is paid (more wasted genius).

And so, in such fashion, three or four weeks pass. We shall take for our hero a stalwart young man of eighteen. He, like the other members of the herd, follows the common procedure.

Loafing, playing, talking and bluffing his way through the first month of the school term, he enjoys life in school. But the end must come at last. The ultimate must happen.. The evening of "reports given out" arrives. Our hero goes through five minutes of actual pain. He remembers—ah! remembers! —the days of joy and play; the weeks that passed without learning how to spell a new word.

Again the picture of the sad group comes back, but this time leaving an even gloomier building, with backward looks of threat and revenge. Our hero arrives home. Nothing is said of such a thing as a report. Then father unconcernedly asks if it isn't time reports were being given out. Oh, the agony of it! The fatal moment has arrived. Apparently calm, he presents his report to father. A moment of suspense. Another. A clearing of the throat. Another much stronger. An exceed-

ingly ugly light in father's eyes. "Young man," he begins. You know the rest. Just a typical high school boy in his troubles.

What's the cause of all of this in the first place? Just a small square of white paper with several numbers somewhere between one and one hundred; nearer one. The reading of the monthly report is almost always accompanied with punishment of some sort; sometimes with reward. The report is to the parent of a child as the thermometer is to the weatherman. It is cold facts which stand supreme and alone. The majority of high school students think of the report as a dreaded monster. It does not necessarily have to be so. Taken sensibly, it may indeed be an aid to any student. It just tells him exactly where his weakest and his strongest points are. Teachers have expressed a desire that there be no reports at all, fearing that a low grade on a report card will lower the morale of the student so that he, instead of continuing to try, will not think himself capable of anything more, and, accordingly, will drop further behind. On the other hand there are advocates for the opposite side. They contend that a low grade will spur the student on to greater effort. To settle the question: I believe that it depends entirely on the individual student. If he can "take" a low grade in the right spirit and work for better, he is a gem for any school. If he is discouraged by a low grade, he is not worth the pains of any more teaching.

All you can ever hope to do is your best and that is all that's expected of you. So, when father perches his reading glasses on his nose and looks sternly at your report, no matter how bad or how good it is, stand up, and looking him straight in the eye, say: "I'll do better next time," and mean it!

Old French Poem Forms

Song of Youth

(Rondel)

By Margaret Minetree

Sing a song of joy and laughter,
Sing a song of youth;
Be happy now, and long, long after
Comes the song of age and truth.

Time enough to sing, forsooth
Of age and change, and all thereafter;
Sing a song of joy and laughter,
Sing a song of youth.

Here's a toast we all will quaff to:
Away with creeping care, the sleuth;
We're off to dance and drink a draught to
Care free joy, from life's gay booth.
Sing a song of joy and laughter
Sing a song of youth.

'Tis Spring Again

(Rondeau)

By Julia Traylor

'Tis spring again, O birdie sweet,
The grass is growing at my feet,
The flowers are budding pure and bright,
The white clouds float high out of sight,
And people gaily pace the street.

The happy children that I meet
Are thinking of vacation sweet;
They laugh and say in their delight,
"'Tis spring again."

Now, birdie, from your feathery seat,
As you look down, O do not treat
Our fun and laughter so very light,
But sing with us from your lofty height;
For no other song can ever beat,
"'Tis spring again."

Tulips

(Rondel)

By Lois Branch

Against a vine-covered garden wall,
The richly painted tulips stand.
They seem so stately, grand, and tall,
And each one hides a fairy band.

By fragrant breezes are they fanned,
And hung with dew-pearls are they all.
Against a vine-covered garden wall,
The richly painted tulips stand.

The fairies at the birds' soft call,
Come running forth, and, hand in hand,
And clothed in cobweb net, they all
Trip the steps of fairyland.
Against a vine-covered garden wall
The richly painted tulips stand.

A Thrill

(Rondeau)

By Kevan Johnson

My blood runs warm when I hear the beat;
The thump, thump, thump, of the soldiers' feet;
The rhythmic march of the passers-by;
The mighty cheers and the children's cry;
And the sight of flowers which are so sweet.

The heros march on thru the street;
Their sun-kissed faces like the beet;
Their floor the earth, and roof the sky;
My blood runs warm.

There's "Spike" Mahone and "Spider" Keat;
Next to them are the town's elite;
Now and then a mother will sigh;
One cannot help but twinkle an eye.
How can soldiers like these retreat?
My blood runs warm.

World Fighter

By Robert Burgess

THE TIME for the advance was drawing near. The soldiers in the trench had gathered in small groups to have a last minute chat in spite of the deafening noise of the barrage.

Kenneth and John were in a close huddle exchanging photographs and other mementos before this great assault was to begin. John was very much excited and truly a bit afraid, while Kenneth reassured him that it would all soon be over and they would come out on top.

How strange that these two should have become buddies during this great struggle!

Kenneth Bridger was a queer boy, always seeking fame and the public eye. Some day, he said, he would be one of the world's greatest soldiers, equal to Napoleon perhaps. Kenneth was a professional fighter. His tall lanky body had charged over many "tops"; his bronzed face had sneered at many enemies. How proud he was of his well muscled body! The soldier's shining black eyes were full of life and action, and they made him appear to be always on the alert.

As Kenneth marched along, a slight limp was noticeable. This was the result of an injury received while on duty on the Texas border. He had also received his first medal for bravery while campaigning against Villa. How this duty on the border had disappointed him! It was almost a bloodless affair. He did nothing but guard, guard, guard. There was picket duty and more picket duty with no excitement whatever. Kenneth's act of bravery had occurred in the only real action of the whole campaign.

He had fought in many different lands and under many flags for his pure love of battle, but it was truly the love and respect for his country that drew him into the trenches in

France. He was a seasoned trooper and a hard fighter, and he was determined to show the Boche how a Yank could scrap. Of course he intended to gain an honor here and another medal there, but he would give all he had for his flag. All of his life he had dreamed of some day returning home from battle, a conquering hero. There would be decorations a-plenty, a beautiful white charger, and a gleaming sword in a flashing silver scabbard. Indeed he'd come home invincible, victorious, to be envied by every boy in the world.

Kenneth Bridger was a born fighter. His favorite game of early childhood was "soldiers". He grew up to be the terror of the neighborhood; even the town bully, Bill Watson, avoided him. At school the young fighter loved to read about Attila, Jenghiz Khan, Alexander the Great, Caesar, and Napoleon. He had rather see a fight than a circus parade. Thus young Bridger lived on the love of battle, and at the age of seventeen he had run away from his home and sailed for China aboard a tramp steamer. He was adventure bound. He finally managed to get into uniform and thence into real battle. It was not very long before he found himself in the trenches in 1918 "somewhere in France."

All the soldiers were making last minute preparations for the charge. Their guns had been thoroughly inspected, and bayonets were fixed.

Kenneth's buddy, John, fumbled nervously with a button on his sleeve.

"We'll soon be going over," John remarked.

"Yeah," replied Kenneth as he patted the stock of his Springfield.

A star shell burst over "no man's land" and changed it to a mass of ghostly light and shadow.

"There it goes. They must be expecting us."

"This suspense is worse than the actual fighting," muttered the pale-faced John.

A nearby officer lifted his eyes from his watch, looked quickly down the line of soldiers in the trench, and then blew his whistle shrilly. The line of fighting men leaped to the parapet as one man as the signal was taken up along the trench.

The soldiers had advanced but a few feet in front of the trench when the enemy opened fire on them with their deadly machine guns. John and Kenneth advanced steadily, side by side, while comrades fell about them.

Kenneth thought he heard John whimper slightly. He reassured him.

A burst of machine gun fire broke out ahead of them. John was hit in the side. He spun to the ground. Kenneth pressed forward not knowing that he had left his buddy behind him.

John raised upon his elbow. The wave of charging men had passed him now. He looked ahead toward the enemy lines.

Kenneth was leading the charge against the deadly machine gun nest. John watched the tall, slim figure as it leaped upon the cowering gun crew. This was the last time that he saw his fighting buddy. Instead of returning home victorious, Kenneth Bridger had been killed in action.

———o———

Whence ?

By John D. Jordan, Jr.

The world moves steadily on,
With joy, and grief, and strife,
For why should the earth in its daily round,
Consider our lowly life?

'Neath the beams of moon and stars,
Through rain and shining sun
It travels on and on and on
To that day when its work is done.

She is deaf to the voice of men,
Who struggle to break their bond
And who strive in vain to catch a glimpse
Of the infinite space beyond.

She is blind to the actions of those,
Who make earthly things their goal;
The earth has something more to do,
Than attend to a mortal's soul.

Through space after space of void
She carries both rich and poor;
Another day has passed away—
Has gone with a million more.

SCHOOL SONG

Words by
H. AUGUSTUS MILLER Jr.
Head of English Dept. P.H.S.

Music by
MELVIN MACCOUL
Music Dir P H S.

Marcia

f

VOICE

Oh! down in sun - ny Dix - ie - land where the pine trees wave at the
Oh! all the day in Dix - ie - land we___ sing our prais - es and

mf

sky,___ And the goo - bers grow and the soft winds blow as the
love,___ And all night long the mock - ing birds song tells

clouds come sail - ing by,___ There's a town that's known as
to the moon a bove,___ There's a town that's known as

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P. H. S.

goo - ber town And a school you must con - fess ____ Is the
goo - ber town And a school you must con - fess ____ Is the

fin - est rar - est jol - li - est squar-est P. H. S. ____
fin - est rar - est jol - li - est squar-est P. H. S. ____

CHORUS

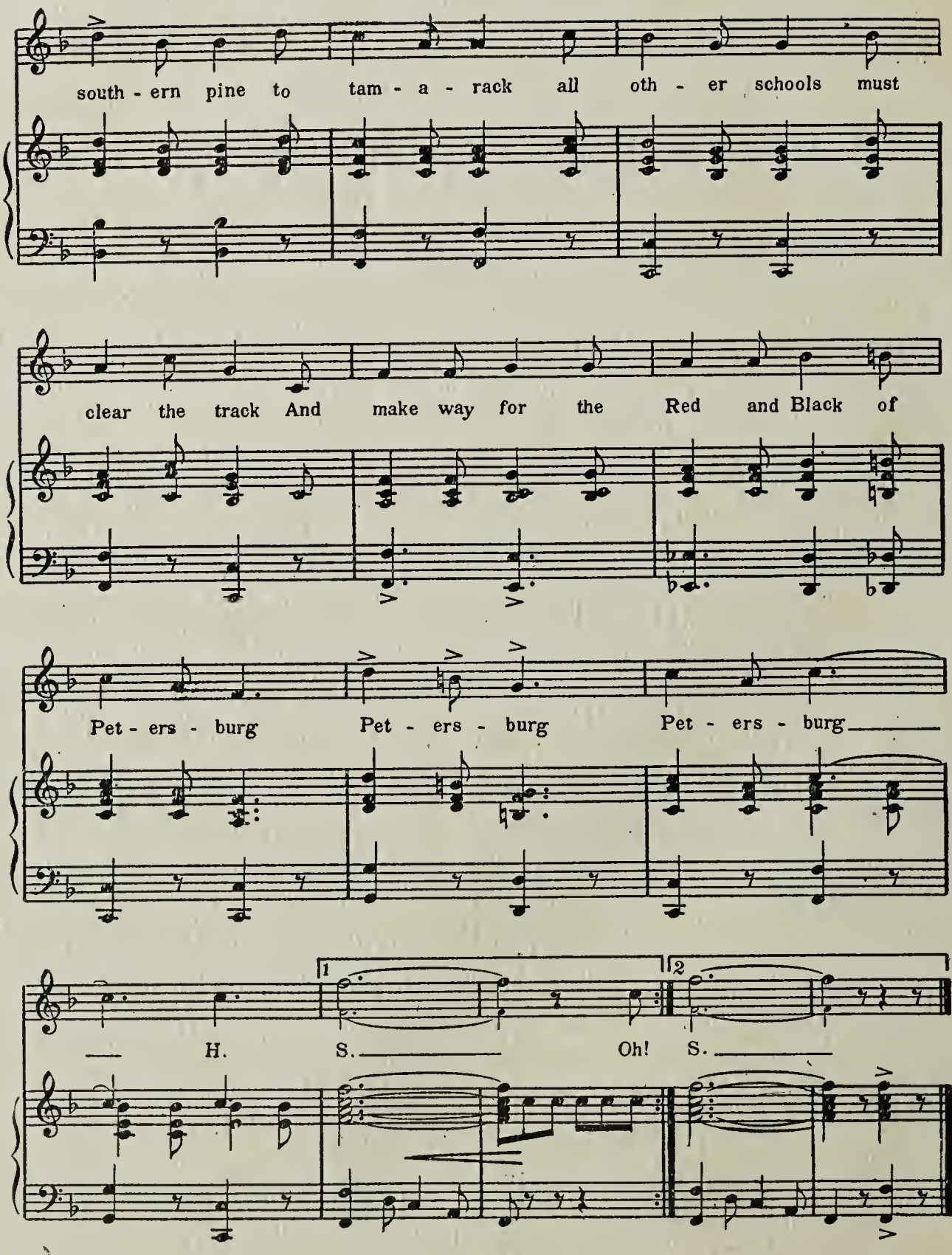
Oh! P. H. S. dear P. H. S. We sing it loud and clear, ____ For

p–f

P H. S. our P H. S. We raise a migh-ty cheer, Rah! Rah! From

School Song 3

"The Missile"

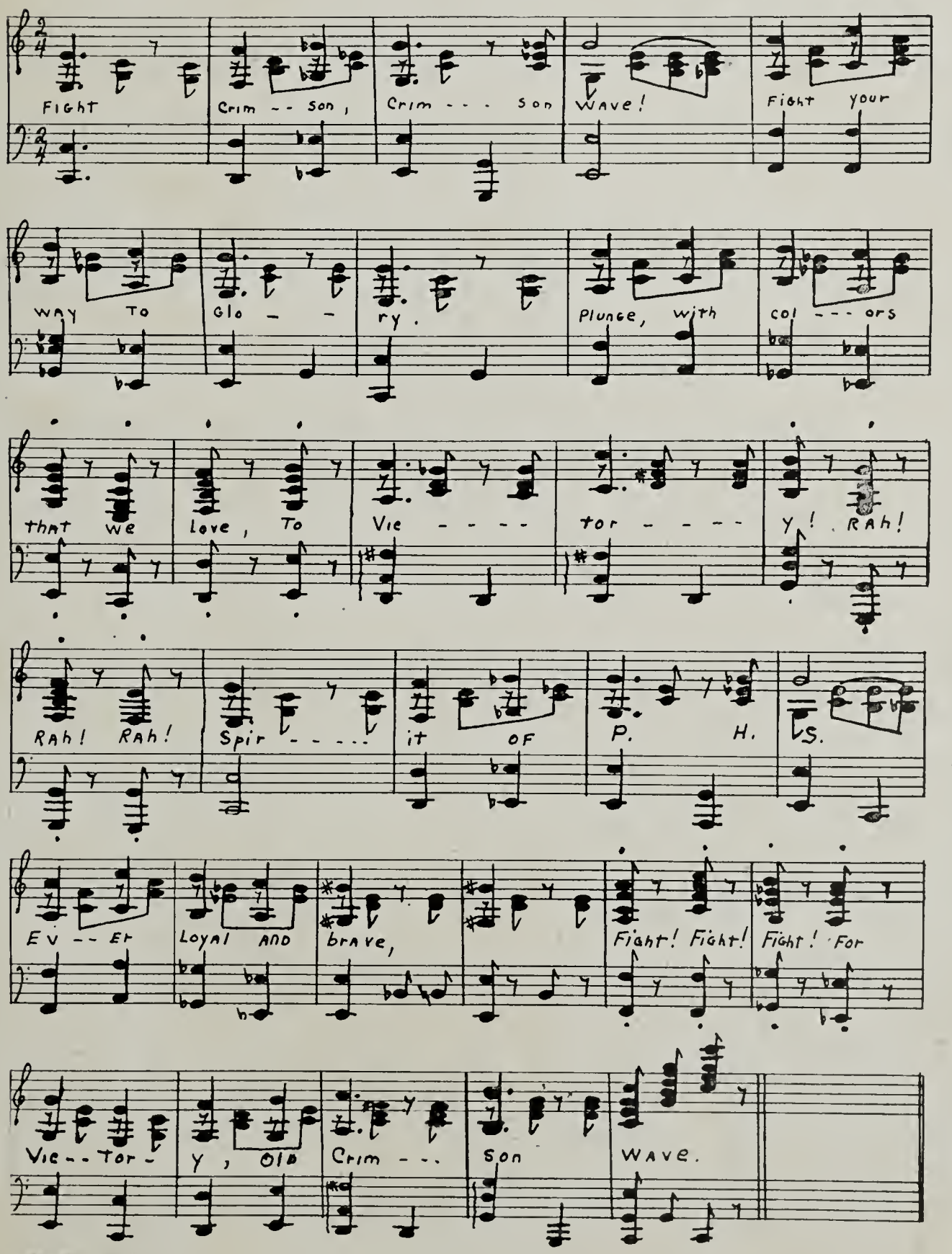

south - ern pine to tam - a - rack all oth - er schools must
clear the track And make way for the Red and Black of
Pet - ers - burg Pet - ers - burg Pet - ers - burg
H. S. Oh! S.
1
2

School Song 3

. . . . Page twenty-four

Victory Swing

Edna M. Thompson.


Fight Crim -- son, Crim - - - son wave! Fight your
way To Glo - - ry. Plunge, with col - - - ors
that we Love, To Vic - - - - tor - - - - y! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Spir - - - - - it of P. H. S.
Ev -- er Loyal and brave, Fight! Fight! Fight! For
Vic -- tor - y, Old Crim - - - son wave.

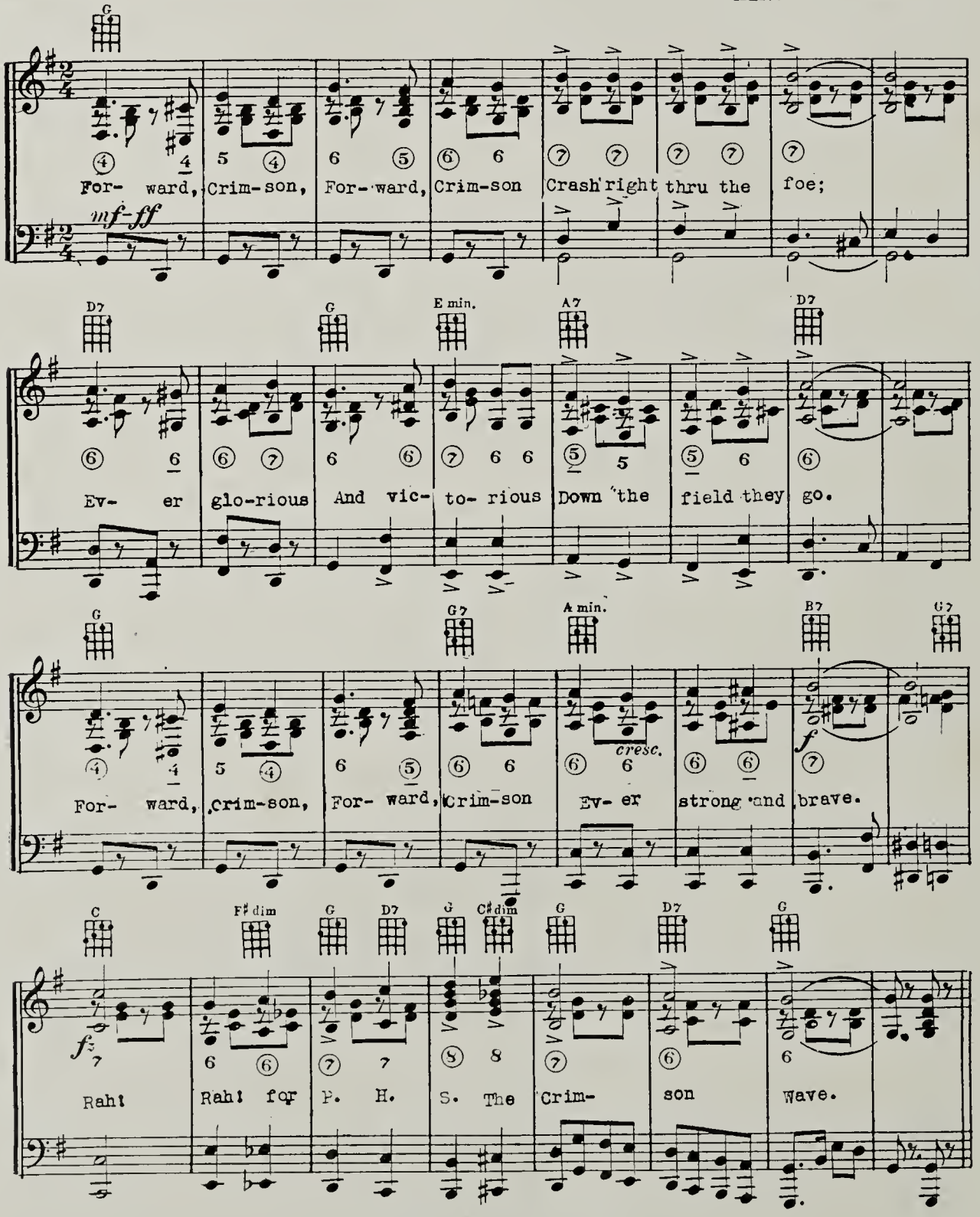
G. Schirmer, New York
Style No. 2—12 Staves

A D F♯ B

Forward, Crimson

Words by H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR.

AIR: ON WISCONSIN


G
mf-ff
For- ward, Crim-son, For- ward, Crim-son Crash right thru the foe;
D7 G E min. A7 D7
Ev- er glo-rious And vic- to- rious Down the field they go.
G G7 A min. B7 G7
cresc.
For- ward, crim-son, For- ward, Crim-son Ev- er strong and brave.
C F♯ dim G D7 G C♯ dim G D7 G
Rah! Rah! for P. H. S. The Crim- son Wave.

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. . . . Page twenty-six

On the Vacuum Cleaner

By Ben Kinsey

IN THE midst of supper one evening there came a loud knock at the door. Although it differed little from the other knocks, the whole family seemed to sense something unusual. We were almost holding our breaths as the maid cautiously swung the door open. In an instant our fears were realized, for in stepped a salesman, a representative of the world's best vacuum cleaner.

Assembling us in the parlor, the super salesman began to demonstrate. He cleaned the floor, the wall, the ceiling, the radiator, under the bookcase, and even the ash trays. He then added an attachment which could be used for ventilating, blowing insect spray, and preparing rugs, carpets, etc., for storage, at the same time making them immune to moths. He ended the marvelous show by using the machine to polish the floor.

The astounding demonstration, coupled with some well delivered sales talk, convinced us that the vacuum cleaner was most necessary for the upkeep of our home. After a few feeble protests, poor old Dad pulls out the check book, and the eighth wonder of the world is in our possession. The maid is called in and the intricate mechanism is again explained for her benefit. The salesman thereupon departs with promises of a guarantee and free repair work for two years, leaving us in a very satisfied state of mind.

The next morning I was rudely awakened by a terrific noise. For a moment I thought that an aeroplane had made a forced landing in the front yard, but I soon realized that our purchase of the night before was at work. The maid had arrived early to do a little cleaning before breakfast. As I was dressing I heard a few dull thuds and the sound of paper being torn. I quickly descended the steps and advanced into the parlor to examine the cause for such queer sounds. In a flash the floor rose up and smacked me in the face. Alas, I had tripped over the cord which had been drawn taut across the doorway. From this horizontal position I noticed many cuts and scratches on the furniture, accounting for the dull thuds I had heard. Examining the walls I found that the unskilled maid had torn the paper in many places while trying to run the cleaner up the wall as the salesman had demonstrated.

Naturally, after the above events, one's good feeling for such a contraption is decidely on the wane. Naturally again, after you have been frightened into dropping half a soft boiled egg on your shirt by an overturned vase and discover the morning's paper to have been eaten by the monster, one doubts the wisdom of the vacuum cleaner.

However, far be it from me to advise anyone not to give it a try, at least. Maybe your maid can manage one, or maybe you don't have egg for breakfast, or maybe you don't even read the morning's paper. If you share none of the above troubles there are still countless misfortunes which may attack the unwary vacuum cleaned user. I repeat, however, that it is none of my business and I wish the best of luck to anyone who tries his luck in the future.

———o———

Symbols

Old Age

By Virginia Kidd

Old age is like the beautiful trees,
With all their colors gay,
When winter with its cold strong breeze
Has blown the leaves away.

The Birch

By Gwendolyn Youngblood

By the stream stood a slender Birch
Like a girl bending over
To admire her reflection in the water.

The Greatest Flyer

By Robert James

"LINDBERGH has made it! He's crossed the Atlantic alone in a plane!" The cry flew around the world. Lindbergh had flown from New York to Paris alone!

Ralph Johnson had followed Lindy from start to finish. He had read how the "Lone Eagle" had flown from the West Coast to New York with but one stop—breaking all records. He had read, and how he wished he had been there, how the youngster from St. Louis had lifted the nose of the "Spirit of St. Louis" on a nasty foggy morning from the mud of Roosevelt Field in New York, and, pointing it east, had reached Paris thirty-five hours later. On Lindy's return home the boy had read how he had received the greatest welcome New York had ever given anyone. He saw Lindy at the stadium in Buffalo, where he, Ralph, lived, when the "Lone Eagle" was making his tour of the country. He later saw him in Chicago where Ralph was visiting his aunt. He saw the trim ship "Spirit of St. Louis" at the airport in Chicago.

This was when Ralph was fifteen years old, in the third year of high school. He had been born and reared in Buffalo. He had lived there all his life. His father was an engineer in a large plant in the city. His mother was dead. From his father Ralph probably got the knack for working around motors and engines. But after Lindy's flight he became interested in model airplanes. He built and flew them. He made scale models and sold them, thereby getting money with which to buy more balsa wood and supplies.

But always while he was doing this, he was thinking of Lindy, even after other flights were made across the Atlantic. At school, at home, at parties, whenever anyone said anything against Lindy, Ralph would stand up and defend him.

And thus the years passed. Lindy, in his low wing mono-

plane, a Lockheed Serias, flew across the continent, again breaking all records for flying time. Later in the same monoplane, now equipped with pontoons, he flew to China; still later, he made a trip on the northerly route to Europe by air.

After Ralph was graduated from high school, he went to college, taking up aeronautical engineering. He was still reading all about Lindy, still interested in him, still following him. Upon his graduation from college, he decided to take up flying, postponing the attempts to get a job in the big airplane plants till later. He studied hard and long in his new field and after three years became an air mail pilot. His father had wished him to stick to the designing field of aeronautics.

"But, dad, if I learn to fly, that will help me just so much," Ralph argued hotly.

"I know, but there's too much danger in flying. There's somebody killed every day," replied his father.

"Well, don't people get killed every day in automobiles and trains and boats?" countered the son.

"Ye-es, I'll have to agree with you on that."

"And look at Lindy! He has been flying for years and has never had a bad crash."

"Oh well, you win," said his father, giving up.

And thus Ralph became an airmail pilot. He became ace pilot of the company. It was said if mail was safe anywhere, it was safe with Ralph Johnson.

It was when he was thirty-two that he first turned his eyes on the Pacific Ocean. From San Francisco to Honolulu. What a hop! He began figuring how much money it would cost to buy a plane, how much gas and oil he would need, what type of plane to use. He went to his father and told him about his plan. The old man, now used to his son's ideas, agreed to let him try it.

"Would you advance me the money for a plane?" Ralph asked.

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand."

"Whew, that's a lot of money," the old man exclaimed.

"But there is a fifty thousand dollar prize for the one who makes it."

"All right, here's the check," said Mr. Johnson, as he wrote it.

Ralph chose for his plane a Fairchild cabin job. He decided to make his hop some time in May, seventeen years after Lind-

berg had made his memorable flight to Paris. He started early one morning from the Oakland Airport in California. Thirty-eight hours later he brought his two hundred and twenty-five-mile-an-hour plane down at the Honolulu Airport. The world went wild! He was brought back to New York and given the biggest reception the big city had ever given since Lindy returned from Paris. They said he was the greatest flyer the world had ever known. But deep down in his heart Ralph knew that the greatest flyer the world has ever known was Charles A. Lindbergh, the first man to span the Atlantic alone.

———o———

Ambition

By Mary Willis O' Farrell

Ambition is a Mighty Thing!
It goads the hero, galls the slave,
And makes mere mortals unafraid—
A Mighty Thing!

Ambition is a Deadly Thing!
It teaches rivalry and sin,
And causes man to die within—
A Deadly Thing!

Ambition is a Noble Thing!
It causes men to look above,
To work and win for those they love—
A Noble Thing!

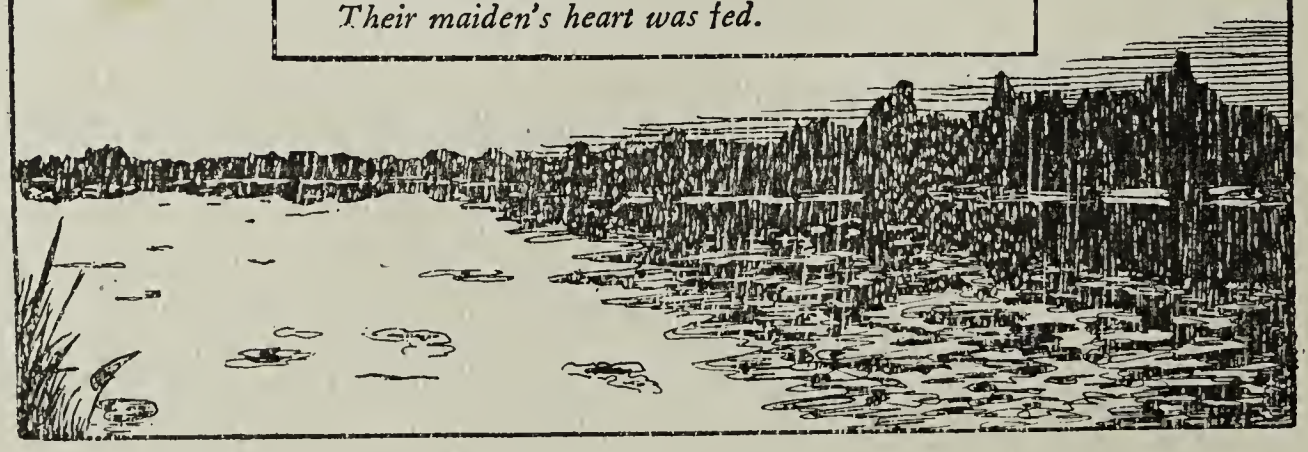
The Moon's Magic

By Allie Duke

From o'er the hill came dancing, prancing,
piercing the darkness of night,
But you could see from glancing, fancying
a knight in armor so bright.
He stopped so still,
There on the hill,
And filled the valley with light.

The lake like a maiden was glowing, flowing,
watching his gleaming light;
The willows on shore were sighing, crying,
shedding tears for fright.
The ripples so small
Heeded his call;
Rushed on in the silence of night.

The knight like a flash, to his horse gave
a lash; then into the night he fled;
He left on shore the willows, still weeping,
their eyes a misty red.
The willows there
Breathed a prayer;
Their maiden's heart was fed.



Uncle Louis

By Helen Levitt

A PERSON should not be judged by his appearance; he should be judged by his character. I have in mind an old colored man, about ninety years of age, whom I shall try to describe in his ways and manner.

He is a very likable character, and one can always recognize him by his shuffle. He is roughly dressed with an old crooked felt hat, ragged pants, an apron made of a sack, and he carries a stick as a cane. His face is kind and is covered with wrinkles, his eyes are dim, his shoulders slightly stooped, and he limps a great deal, but he is still full of life.

Uncle Louis, although he is now a very old man, still delights in telling the stories of his younger days, especially the story of when he was twelve years old and was gardener for a very prominent Petersburg family, whose descendants still live here. How his face glows with the memories of those slavery days when, after a few years, he became coachman as well as gardener for his master and mistress! "Lemme tell y'all how I dun looked in dem days," he chuckles. Then he relates this tale of how he dressed up in his long-tail coat that swept almost to his heels, a velvet vest, checked trousers, all topped by a silk hat, and climbed proudly to his seat in the coach. He intended that his mistress' coachman should bring her no shame.

Uncle Louis is a great lover of flowers and knows the name of every flower and of all the grasses. He raises them and always wears a bouquet of assorted flowers on his coat. It always hurts him to see children step on flowers, or even on the grass, and if they throw paper on it, he will hurry over to pick it up. He takes great care of plants and will never let anything stand in the way of their beauty.

Not only is Uncle Louis a gardener, but he even invents his own implements. You should see his wheelbarrow! You can tell it's home-made, and he also makes his own rakes, hoes, shovels, and other tools of any old tin or wood he finds.

One of Uncle Louis' peculiar habits is the habit of making up rhymes. He always makes up poetry on flowers, and instead of just speaking to the children, he puts his words in a rhyme. This always amuses them and they run after him continually.

Although Uncle Louis has some strange habits he is very kind and generous. He is very fond of dogs, and even if he has very little food for his own meals, he always saves some for

them, and for that reason they never bark at him as they do at others, but follow him everywhere.

Uncle Louis always amuses us by his bragging.. He thinks he is the only man who knows how to tend a garden and is jealous when anyone employs another man to work in the yard. He walks over and tries to tell him what to do and how to do it.

Now Uncle Louis is very feeble and can do little more than potter about the gardens, but he still dresses up on Sundays and, wearing his flowers, comes around to speak a pleasant word with his old friends.

———o———

Verses

By Delia Harrison

Rain

I come drumming, drumming, drumming,
And the wind directs my coming,
Strumming, strumming, strumming
On the roof.

I come beating, beating, beating,
And the clouds control my beating,
Fleeting, fleeting, fleeting,
Meeting earth.

I come falling, falling, falling;
I come gently, softly falling,
Murm'ring, shouting, calling
I am rain.

Lament

To be a boy
Would be a joy,
Instead of having to be coy;
No mincing gait,
No being late
And no uncertainty of fate.

But I'm a girl;
My locks do curl
And many charms I could unfurl;
Yet I am sad;
I must be mad,
For still I want to be a lad.

Escape

By Walter Drewry

MIKE HANSEN, a short, thickly built Dutch sailor, was to hang at dawn for a crime which he did not commit. His glaring blue eyes were sunken deep into his head as he lay on his prison cot, but he was not asleep. His only thought was escape. He had been tortured until he was faint. His face was pale, his cheeks hollow, his lips parched, and his body torn, but Mike's courage was strong.

Carefully Hansen had made his plans. To escape! To see once again the ocean, the ocean which he loved so well. And then, Mike's jaws grew tight, his eyes became red with anger, he clenched his fist, and then! He would find the yellow dog who had framed him and torture him, just as he had been tortured, until not an ounce of life remained in his body.

Hark! Had the time come? Hansen's eyes moved sharply around the room. The keeper was bringing his meal of bread and water. This was his last meal unless his plan worked, and he felt quite sure that it would work. Nevertheless his heart beat a little faster as his shaking knees fell to the floor, and he grabbed a crude knife made of a sharpened spoon. Quickly he took off his torn shirt. This was his chance; could he make it?

As the keeper approached, Hansen prepared for the spring. His arms were shaking, his knees quivered, but his courage was as strong as ever. He waited, but, to his amazement, the bread and water were slipped under the cell door.

Hansen flopped on his cot. His plan had failed. Tired and discouraged, Mike buried his head in the pillow and burst into tears. He was lost!

Mike was not discouraged, however. He thought quickly of another plan.

"Oh, oh, I'm dying," groaned Mike.

The cell keeper rushed quickly to the cell.

"What's the matter, Mike?" yelled the guard.

"Oh, I've got the belly ache," cried Mike.

The keeper opened the cell door and entered. Mike lay still and groaned. The keeper bent over him. Mike rose, grabbed him with a head lock, and threw him to the floor. Quickly Hansen bound and gagged him.

"That will hold him for a while," sneered Mike as he quietly slipped from the cell—dressed as the guard.

"My escape will be easy," Mike thought as he passed through the dark and narrow hallway.

At the end of the hall he came face to face with the second guard.

"What's that guy in cell fifteen yelping about?" questioned the guard.

"I guess he's just scared, 'cause he'll bite the dust at dawn," returned Mike.

"Well, it's your turn to take up the watch," yawned the guard.

"Yeh?"

"Yeh! The others have hit the hay by now, so I guess I'll turn in."

As soon as the guard had left Mike silently planned the remainder of his escape. Soon Mike heard the sound of a bell. All of the guards had retired.

"I'm the only one to guard Mike Hansen," he laughed to himself, "and I'm Mike Hansen."

Hansen slipped from the hall and entered the prison yard. Then he scaled the prison wall and slipped into the darkness.

"I'll have a good twelve hour lead on them, because they won't find that bird until morning. I'll make the seaport by four o'clock. I'll hop a freight there and be on the ocean by dawn. Then my plan will be almost perfect," Mike thought as he fled from the prison.

Mike ran and ran and ran until he was nearly exhausted. Finally he reached the crowded seaport. Here he at once went to the wharf.

"How about a job, fellow?" asked Mike. "I got hot up the prison and so I quit."

"O. K. I need a new hand. Git to woirk!" shouted the rough captain. " We shove off in half an hour!"

Mike left port at midnight. Into the beautiful blue ocean they sailed. Mike stood on deck looking back at the last glare of

light in the port. The ship slipped silently into the soft waters, and Hansen breathed deeply.

"I'm free!" he shouted. "I'm free!"

The next day Mike overheard two sailors talking.

"Too bad about Black Jack Silver falling overboard," said the first.

"Yeh? You mean it's too bad he didn't kick the bucket sooner," replied the other.

Mike could hardly believe his ears. The man he had broken out of prison to kill was already dead.

"He got what he deserved," thought Mike as he gazed up at the stars in silence. "I wonder what Fat-head Timrod is doing in Singapore . . . . ?"

Dreams

By Elizabeth Harrington

I stood down by the broken bridge,
With nothing but the sky above;
I was dreaming dreams and wondering too
What could have happened to my love.

The moon came slowly o'er the trees;
On all the world it cast its spell.
Its friendly face smiled down at me
And seemed to say that all was well.

The moon imparted peace to me,
And home I slowly turned to go,
Still having faith in what I saw
And feeling sure that it was so.

—o—

The Disturbing Sister

By Julius Hopkins

WHILE I was applying attention, steady and undissipated, to a trigonometric problem, suddenly I heard a rapping, as of someone gently tapping, tapping on the hardwood floors. I disregarded this noise, thinking that my darling sister had mastered "The Destruction of Sennacherib" and the jubilant effect would soon disappear. Instead of calming down, the tapping became incessant. On completing the dance, during which I was an unseen, unappreciative audience, she stopped; no sooner, no later.

Now to return to the problem; no, not yet—sister sees to that. Her trouble is an algebra example. Having reprimanded her for her irresponsibility and continual disturbances, I recalled to myself that my older sister, not so long ago, had helped me. She had found that my first High School report was even worse than the dancer's. I disregarded every thought of solving my problem at that time, and I descended to the living room to read for that invariable fifteen minutes.

I seated myself comfortably and commenced to read "David and Bethsabe." Suddenly I heard a horse stumbling down the stairs. My error; the little girl upstairs was in a big hurry

to tune in on the sweet, melodious music of Guy Lombardo. I spoke too quickly when I said read for fifteen minutes.

I spoke to her quietly, pleading with her to be tranquil. I explained to the "Darling" that I was not a bibliophile, but that one has to concentrate while reading, and that the major factor in concentration is quietude. Finally she assented to hold her peace.

Returning to my room, I began to study Civics. While I was in deep concentration on the question, "Does a man have to be born in the United States to be a citizen?" "Yowsah, Ladies and Gentlemen, Yowsah," belched forth into the room, in the true maestro style, so suddenly and so vociferously that it made me tremble.

That was too much; that ignited the fuse. I began to wonder if I lived in the Temple of Pandemonium. I rushed down the stairs only to find the culprit standing on the porch, wearing a grin of victory, ready to scream for the neighbors the moment I laid hands on her. I turned off the radio and went to bed.

My dear readers, you may reprimand me for not taking more drastic measures, but all I have to say is, "You don't know my sister."

———o———

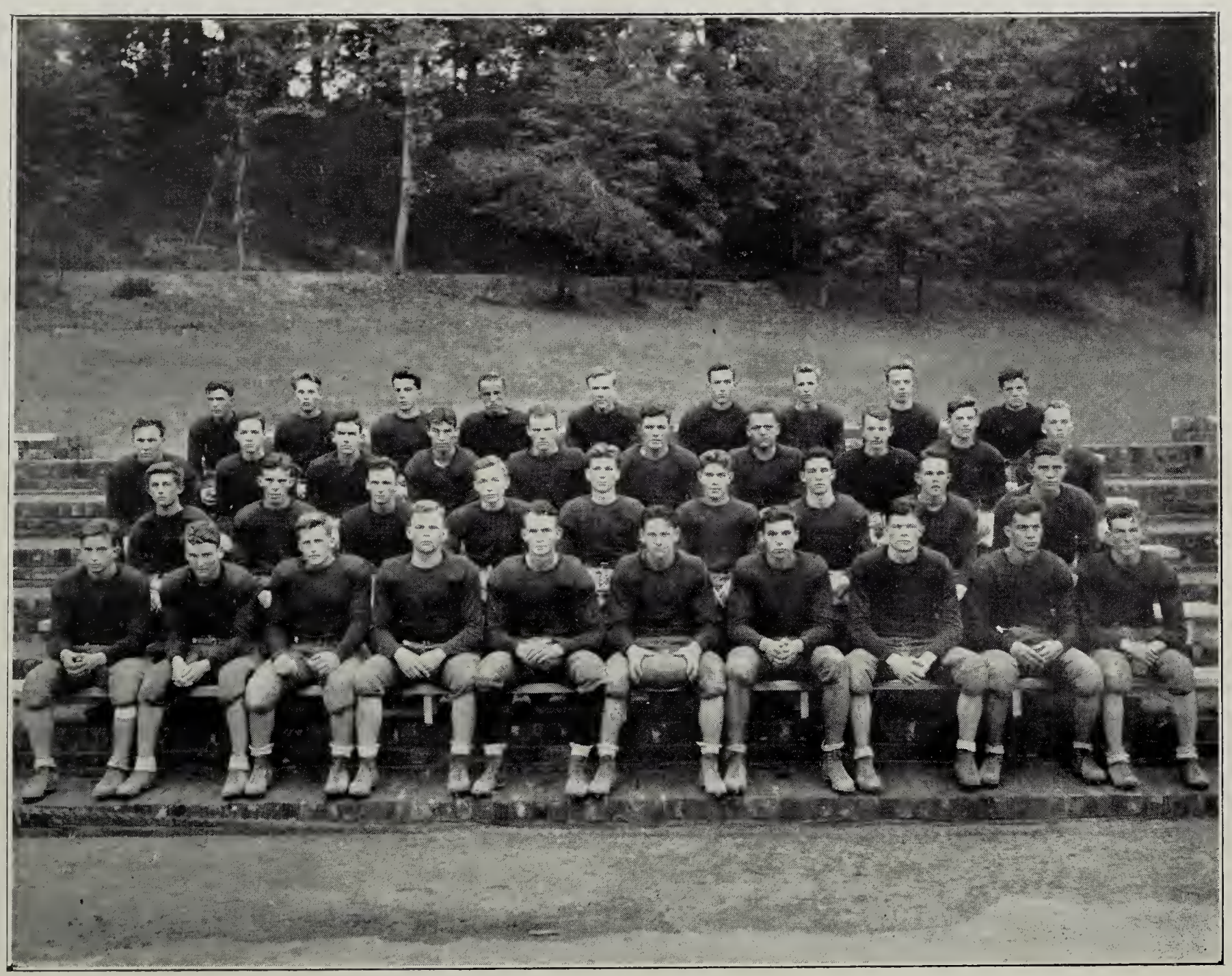
Night Sounds

By Frances Urquhart

Beside a silvery waterfall, I walked one lovely night;
Upon the tossing water, the full moon cast its light;
Each shining drop was very like a diamnod in the air
As if some playful fairy had gently dropped it there.

As I lingered there awe-stricken, the moon sailed
'neath a cloud;
The water was a thundering steed; I heard its neighing
loud.
The blackness was a blanket; the noises frightened me,
Only glowering monsters in the dimness could I see.

Running in the darkness from the terrors of my mind,
The wailing wind seemed fingers to clutch me from behind;
My home was a haven, when I gladly hailed its light,
And I sank upon the door-steps, quite worn out from fright.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1934

Pirate Gold

By Rebecca Desher

"DEN DE little chillens tooked all de gold home, and dey showed it to dere folks. De Mama—"

"I know what the mother did," interrupted little Ann. "She made them some pies and cakes and candy, didn't she?"

"Yessa, honey lamb, she sho did. And dey all lived happy eber after." A happy smile spread over the faces of the three children as Uncle Moses finished his story.

"That was a swell story, Uncle Moses, and we thank you for it," said Freddie, the oldest of the three.

"May we come again soon?" asked Dickie, a lad of six.

"You sho can. Come any time you all feel lak it," replied the old negro, as the children left the tumbled-down shack.

The kids loved Uncle Moses because he seemed always to have time to tell them a little story, and he never told them the same story twice. Uncle Moses had been in the Civil War, and many of his stories dealt with this period of history. But today he told them one of the pirate stories that his father had told him.

"That was a swell story," remarked Dickie, "but what shall we do now? We've got about three hours before luncheon." Freddie's happy expression changed, and he stuck his hands deep into his pockets.

"Yes, that's right. We've got to think of something to do. Let's sit down right here and think." The three sat down, and, indeed, any one could tell they were thinking because there were frowns on their little faces, and everything was so quiet.

"I know," piped up tiny Ann, " less play pirates like in the story we heard."

"Grand idea!" exclaimed the two boys together, and up they jumped. Down towards the river went three pairs of sturdy legs.

As they came puffing up to the river's edge, Dickie said, "But you can't go, Ann, 'cause you might get hurt."

"I ten so do, too. If I tan't, I'm going to tell mother. See if I don't," cried out the distressed Ann.

"All right, let her go, but you got to keep out of our way. And don't tell anybody that we're going to the 'Big House' either."

Ann's eyes opened wide at Fred's last remark. "T-to the 'B-big House'!"

"Aw, come on if you're going," grumbled Dick.

Now the 'Big House' was a large estate, the back of which touched the river. An old woman lived there all alone. She never left the grounds, and no one in the village had ever seen her, for she allowed no one on her grounds. This little old woman had lost her sweetheart in the Civil War, and she had sworn that she would always live alone away from every one as long as she lived. Many of the superstitious, lower class of people in the village thought that she was crazy, and some said she was a witch. But the more educated public knew her story to be true, and they were sorry for her. Mrs. Harrell, the children's mother, always sent Miss Margaret (as the old woman was always spoken of) a large fruit cake at Christmas time.

Freddie had always wanted to go up to the Big House, but he had never before had an excuse. Now he had a splendid one, because he knew all the other places around there, and one needs a strange place to go pirate gold hunting.

The three adventurer-thirsty pirates sneaked softly through the gate and darted among the trees. They worked their way towards the river at the back of the house. Coming to a clearing near the river, Freddie stopped them and whispered, "Here's a swell place to dig for gold. I'm going to be the captain, and you two must do as I say."

"Aye, aye, sir," was Dickie's reply.

"Me too," added Ann.

"We boys will have to dig with our hands and knives and these dead branches around here. Ann, you watch out for the care-taker."

"Tan't I dig, too, Freddie?" asked the youngest pirate.

The reply was in a very annoyed tone, "No, you can't, so shut up and do as you're told."

Ann turned away a bit disappointed, but she was determined to dig. She waited until the boys had started and were giving their whole attention to their job. Then Ann went behind a tree

and started to tear up the soft earth with her little hands. She had not gone far when she caught a glimpse of something white and shining. She took away another handful of dirt and her hands came in contact with something hard and round. She gave a little jerk, and out came a lovely string of beads. Ann's eyes opened wide when she saw them, but she said nothing. She dropped them into her pocket, covered up the hole, and brushed off her hands with her handkerchief.

Just then Dickie called to her, "Come on, Ann. We're going home."

"What did you find, Mr. Freddie?" asked Ann mockingly.

"Aw, nothing. Shut up and come on if you're going home with us," grumbled her brother.

That night at the supper table Mrs. Harrell asked her children (as was her custom) where they had been and what they had done. Freddie told her they had been to Uncle Moses' cabin that morning to hear a pirate story.

"Where did you go after you left Uncle Moses'?" Mrs. Harrell questioned. No one answered. Again she asked her question, and again there was silence.

Mr. Harrell then commanded in a stern voice, "Answer your mother, children. Where have you been? You tell us, Fred."

Freddie lowered his head and replied in a low voice, "We went up to the Big House, Daddy. We didn't mean any harm, but we wanted to play pirates."

"We covered up the little hole we made," added Dickie.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrell smiled at this, and the former said, "You shouldn't have gone, but as you did go, you shouldn't have been afraid to tell us. I shall not whip you this time, but see that you don't go again."

"Yes, sir," the guilty ones promised.

"What did my pirates find?" smiled the father.

"Nothing," answered Dickie and Freddie.

"Hmm, I did," answered Ann, sticking her nose up in the air. She calmly drew the jewels from her pocket, saying, "See, a string of beads."

At the sight of them, Mrs. Harrell exclaimed, "What beautiful pearls!" They all gathered around the child to get a good look at the beads.

"I finded some beads to wear!" The little one clapped her hands in joy. "I tan have 'em, tan't I, mother?" she begged.

"No, sweetheart, I'm afraid you can't. You and I will go up to the Big House tomorrow morning and give them back."

The next morning Mrs. Harrell and Ann went up to the Big House. Dorothy, the maid, did not want to let them in at first, but Mrs. Harrell stressed the importance of the visit. Miss Margaret received them in the drawing room.

"I am very sorry I have to disturb you, Miss Morgan," Mrs. Harrell began, "but . . . . "

"Oh, never mind the explanation of the details. Go ahead with the reason," cut in Miss Morgan.

"You see, my children were playing on your grounds yesterday, and—well, I know they shouldn't have been there, but they did come in the gate. They were playing pirate-gold hunting, and my daughter found these." Saying this, she drew out the pearls from her pocketbook.

Miss Morgan turned pale on seeing them. A cry came from her throat, "Oh, my beautiful pearls have been found! Where did you get them?"

"I finded 'em under a big, big twee in the yard," replied Ann.

"Oh, you precious child! I shall always love you for finding them, and shall always be indebted to you," said Miss Morgan. Then she told Mrs. Harrell that her sweetheart had given her three strings of pearls before he went to war. She had promised him that if she ever lost one string of pearls she would live alone, away from everyone until they were found again.

"And now that they are found, I can again mix with the village folk and be sociable again. I shall give your daughter a party, Mrs. Harrell, and I want all the children in the village to attend," went on the happy woman. "What is your whole name, my dear? I want to put it on a pink and white cake."

"My name is Ann Edith Harrell, and I thank you so much. Tan Dickie and Freddie tome to the party too?" asked Ann.

"Of course they can, and you and your brothers can play on my grounds anytime you want to," she said. The child again thanked her, and both she and Mrs. Harrell bade her good-bye. Ann left the Big House with the happiest expression on her face that any little girl could have.

Marconi Did It

By Edgar H. Morris

IF YOU have ever tried to solve a very difficult problem in Physics while a radio is blasting away less than twenty feet away, you have had a very definite taste of the impossible. I realized this fact after I had torn up three sheets of scrambled fractions and sharpened my pencil about a half dozen times, only to have it break again with each frenzied effort to draw a square root sign. Finally I decided to give it up as a bad job, and, as the mantel size model of Marconi's invention continued with unabated volume to flood the local airwaves with Souza, Chopin and static, I went up to bed with the intention of getting a good night's sleep. Upon arising in the quiet of the morning, I planned to tackle the problem with a freshened mind and renewed vigor.

Maybe someone is wondering why I didn't turn the radio off. Well, you see, the set was in the living room of my neighbor, and knowing my neighbor as I do, I hesitated to take so rash a step.

Retiring to my sleeping quarters, I prepared to hit the hay in no uncertain manner. As I lay there in bed, I suddenly became aware that I could still hear that radio. Not only could I still hear it, but it seemed to me it was coming over louder than ever. Now I have never had anything against radios. They are great things, but when they start disturbing my sleep, then I am annoyed—maybe "annoyed" is a mild word for it.

After lying there for thirty minutes listening to "Harlem's Hottest Hey-de-Hey Boys," I found myself wider awake than when I first lay down. I can't understand how people can stand to listen to such trashy mess.

"Gosh ding!" I said, as I turned over in bed. My mother doesn't like for me to use such language, but I felt that, under the circumstances, I was justified. I did feel a little bit guilty, however, when, a little later, I allowed another naughty word to escape my lips. "Nerts!" I said. I wouldn't dare let Mama know of that.

I lay there in bed for three hours, listening to that blasted thing. First jazz, then tangos, then a few rhumbas, all taken together with a little Hill-Billy music, some Hawaiian tunes, and then some more jazz. At irregular intervals would come

some grand opera stuff—my neighbor has quite a taste in music.

At one time, in desperation, I stuck my head out of the window with the intention of yelling at the music-mad maniac, but I caught myself in time. The thought of the possible consequences cooled me off considerably.

At one-thirty the noise still continued, so I got up, dressed, and went down stairs. The rest of the family seemed somehow to be sleeping through it all. Dropping into an easy chair, I turned on my own radio. "If I must have music," thought I, "I'll choose my own." I don't remember what I chose, but when I awoke two hours later, the radio was silent—so was my neighbor's. Evidently all of the stations had signed off for the night.

I don't remember going back up stairs, but when Mama called me for school the next morning, I was lying comfortably in my same old bed. I never did get that problem solved.

—o—

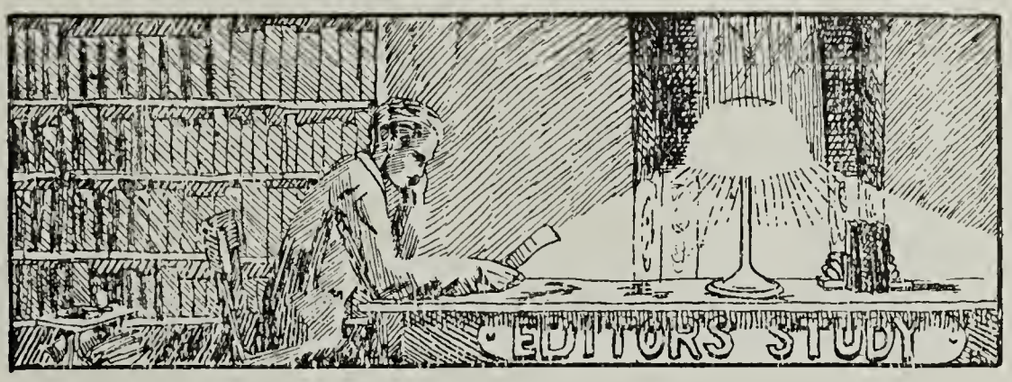
November Seas

By Emily Robertson

Come with me down to the pale grey sea
When the first cold light of dawn appears;
Come with me down to the white flecked lane
When tides rush in; slowly ebb again.

Deep in the sand-dunes down by the sea
Wind will whistle the daylight in.
Dawn to the east; a luke warm sun
Strives to rise through the misty dun.

Salt spray sprinkles the land and sea
Flung from the tossing white-capped billow;
A lone gull lost in the leaden sky
Shrieks his defiance, a cheerless good-bye.



The School Colors

FOR MANY years each of the P. H. S. athletic teams has been known as the "Crimson Wave". This seems to have been begun by the local newspaper, and since has been well established by custom. Last year a new football song was adopted, and this year we have still another, and both of these speak of the "Crimson Wave." Thus outsiders, and probably a large number of students, believe that crimson must surely be one of the school colors. In reality, the colors are maroon and black. This creates a peculiar situation. One goes to a football game one afternoon and sees the team dressed in smart uniforms with maroon jerseys and the next day reads in the newspapers of the performances of the Crimson Wave.

Although this question is in some ways a minor one and has gone practically unnoticed so far, since few people notice the difference between maroon and crimson, we believe that the time has come to bring it before the school. There are two ways that this question could be solved: first, by changing the school colors, and second, by changing several of the songs and yells as well as the name of the team. Of the two, the first seems the more advisable. The school colors could be changed to a crimson and black combination and no one would be the worse for it.

We suggest that this change be presented in the form of a motion and voted on by the school. If there are any other combinations which may be more advisable, they could be voted on at the same time. We advocate the crimson and black combination simply because this would be the easiest way out. If this action were taken, it would settle a question which has been annoying to several members of the faculty as well as to a few of the students who happen to know what the school colors are.

—R. W.

A Suggestion

A SUGGESTION has been made that, in order to add variety and interest to the Missile, a new department of book reviews should be added to it. A number of publications of the type of the Missile have used such departments quite successfully, and we believe that discussions of current books would be a welcome and valuable addition to the school magazine.

The chief drawback to this suggestion is the fact that none of the English classes write criticism of current literature, as a rule. This being the case, the suggested innovation would result in a department written almost entirely by the Missile staff, since there would be no other source from which to obtain the necessary book reviews except the always uncertain one of voluntary contributions.

There is, however, a plan by which the student body as a whole would furnish the material for the proposed department and which would, at the same time, add variety to the routine English work. Each English student makes, every school month, a written or oral report on some book from the approved list used in his class. The books on these lists, of course, are not new publications; the newest ones are possibly five or six years old, and they vary from that age all the way back to the book of Ruth. Of course, there is no point in publishing a review of "David Copperfield" or "The Three Musketeers," no matter how necessary the reading of these books is to one's education. Our plan, however, is to allow the English pupil to write a review of a current book each term in place of one of the four reports on books taken from the lists. In this way, there will be an abundance of material from which to choose the best for use in the Missile.

Incidentally, it would perhaps not be amiss to place more emphasis in the crowded English courses on literary criticism. "Book reports," as they are usually done, consist simply of a few important facts about the plot, jotted down hurriedly for the purpose of convincing the instructor that the book really has been read. The sum of the critical opinion expressed in most reports is usually included in the final line, which almost invariably, and sometimes a bit hypocritically, we fear, reads: "I enjoyed this book very much." Of course, the main purpose in assigning book reports is to get the pupil to read the books, and when it has done that it has accomplished an important end,

but we believe that it would be a valuable addition to the routine book reports if the pupils were occasionally asked to write a thoughtful and thorough review, preferably, of course, of a new book. In this way, the student's interest in the book, and in books as a whole, is likely to be broadened, and his critical faculties enlarged by use.

If this plan is put into operation and has the cooperation of the students, which we believe they will give to it, it is probable that a new and valuable department will be added to the Missile in the not too distant future.

—J. E.

———o———

The Auxiliary Student Council

AT THE FIRST meeting of the 1934 Student Council a new plan for a so-called "auxiliary council" was suggested and unanimously adopted. The plan called for the election of one representative from each home room in the High School, thus forming a group which meets with the Student Council on certain occasions, assisting it in many ways. There are a number of decisions which the Council must make in which some such group as this auxiliary council should have a part. When it is necessary to make nominations for school officers, such as editor of the Missile, etc., it is essential that the Council have the cooperation of a group which represents all parts of the school, and in the work of planning assembly programs it is very helpful to have some person from each home room to help find talent in the school which can be used for its entertainment on those ever-recurring Tuesday mornings.

The auxiliary council plan has been used to great advantage in several big schools in the state. Since it has been in operation at P. H. S. it has worked quite satisfactorily, although it is, of course, still in the trial stage. Not only has it proved a very convenient channel through which the Student Council can carry on its work, but, we believe, it fulfills an even higher purpose in keeping the Council and the student body in much closer touch, thus helping the Council better to perform its real duty of representing the school.

—J. E.

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